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J.R. SHAVE

Local Showers

With acknowledgments to K. C. B.



"and he gave it
dead away"

IT'S REALLY surprising.
THE MONEY you save.
BY ASKING questions.
I FOUND that the maker.
OF A hair restorer.
WAS BALD as a coot.
SO I passed that up.
AND A bird who came.
TO SELL oil stock.
HAD HIS own cash.
IN LIBERTY Bonds.
SO I ducked again.
AND I asked a clerk.
FOR THE best cigarettes.
AND HE reached around.
FOR A fancy box.
AND I knew I was in.
FOR THE same old line.
SO I asked him this.
"WOULD YOU smoke one of 'em.
IF I bought a box?"
AND THEN he smiled.

LIKE A regular guy.
AND SAID "No thanks.
I'LL SMOKE my own."
AND I got wise.
AND ASKED him then.
WHAT BRAND he smoked.
AND HE showed me.
AND THEN he said.
"THEY SATISFY."
AND B'GOSH, he's right.



SURE they satisfy—Chesterfields have body—that's the reason. Body enough to *satisfy* a cigar smoker. And yet Chesterfields are *mild*. Impossible? That's it exactly—Chesterfields have accomplished the impossible. They *satisfy* and yet they're *mild*.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



Rodney Matthews

Early Wildflower

FROM whose down-slanting finger
tip
Did thy seed slip
Into the heart of earth?
No gardener's hand could ever light
A flame so bright
As up-sprung at thy birth.

The beauty of thy slender grace
Has but one face
To pause, and stare in praise;
But one full moment there
We mutely share,
In soft untrodden ways.

A jealous wind implanted thee
In secrecy
Here, in this far retreat:
A bank of aged winter grass
To shield thee, lass—
And sunlight at thy feet!

—Christy Holmes.



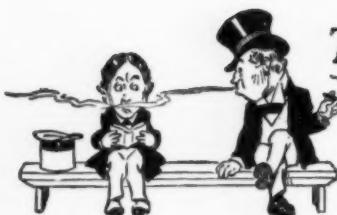
"LOOK WHAT YOUR BEASTLY DOG HAS DONE TO MY BEST TIE!"

"MY DEAR, HIS PEDIGREE GOES BACK MUCH FARTHER THAN YOURS; DO YOU BLAME HIM FOR TAKING
OFFENSE AT YOUR TASTE?"

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

Great Britain (and Ireland)

By Wallace Irwin



Hon. Ichi Obi, Japanese Pacifist, approach up to me with Wm. Jenny Bryan eyebrows to require:

"Hashimura Togo, in recent publication LIFE newspaper you got an intellectual letter, filled with your valuable brains, to mention Irish Question. I ask to know. Were that British Poppaganda?"

"Are not!" I dib peevly. "Since then I have read some British Poppaganda which would make me nearly Sinn Fein."

"World are so full of quarrel, indemnity, plebescite and typhus fever I am anxious to settle Sinn Fein so we can have time to pay incum tax," narrate Hon. Obi. "Relate to me some good reasons why England & Ireland should not understand each other."

"There are two good reasons," I amputate. "As following:

"1.—England.

"2.—Ireland."

"Your speech contains prunes," ollicate Obi. "Do not magificent nation like England get pretty wise from travel, by golly? Do not Britannia boss the tides? Do England's sons ever set? Answer is, no! (to last question only). With ability to manage India, Africa, Canada & Australia why should she get worried by small self-determined green polka-dot resembling Ireland? O surely she could learn about that Owld Sod by slight study!"

"Hon. England do not learn countries by study," I say so. "She obtain her information through patriotism and prejudice. Both are good ways to know. She approach all distant lands with expression peculiar to Queen Victoria giving cookies to Home for Idiot Newsboys. Germany obtain lands by shooting $\frac{1}{2}$ the inhabitants and marrying the rest. France run her colonies by love (sacred and profane). U. S. hold her suburban possessions (Philippine Islands) by cablegrams asking next administration to do something about it.

"But this England sail around circular globe with feeling that all men are equal, but somewhat queer because they are not

English. Since date of Queen Elizabeth (retired) Brittish civilization have travelled from N. Pole to Tropic of Canicorn building tennis courts on vacant lots and permitting savage inhabitants to call on first & 3rd Wednesdays in November and June. This make savages more so.

"But are not Gt. Britten to day very democratic or something?" require Ichi.

"Indeedly she are!" I remake. "She are the aristocrat among democracies."

"Why could not Hon. H. G. Wells save Ireland from committing suicide?" require my international friend.

"How could he?" I dib. "He are muchly too busy trying to introduce popular government into Russia. How could he find sufficient time to add History of Ireland to his other famus novels?"

Hon. Obi could think nothing intellectual for reply.

"Hon. England are right," I commute onwards, "when she request that Senator Walsh and other pure American patriots shall do nothing to help run Ireland, either up or down. What do America know about Ireland? Nothing or less. But Hon. England have neighborhood knowledge of that quaint & humorous little people. For many 1,000 years she have lived across backyard from Erin and been able to study inhabitants from her parlor window, only jumping occasionally when bricks fell near. Thus she have learned:

1.—Ireland are composed of Brian Boru, Wm. Butler Yeats, Richard Croker, Oscar Wilde, G. Bernard Pshaw, Jno. McCormack and Handy Andy.

2.—The Irish are sweet, quarrelsome, loyal, treacherous, scientific and superstitious people. They change their minds suddenly. They do not mean what they say.

"With these important statisticks in mind she have been civilizing Ireland for 700 years. Are it not right that she should good peev when U. S. burst in just as she is nearly finishing that great work?"

"Could U. S. manage Ireland more good than England?" require Ichi Obi.

"O surely could," I reject. "See Santo Domingo for statisticks."

"Could you please snuggest some good medicine for settle this angry question so that America could have more time to think of President Harding and other problembs?" negotiate Obi.

"Have done so," I manipulate. "I have just prepared one Questionaire for Brit-

tish Govt. This will be submitted to Hon. O. Villard and other Irish Americans."

"Do Brittish Govt. know about this?"

"Not yet," I narrate. "But I have written some bright replies in my pretty handwriting."

Therefore I seize my pocket and fetch forth following paper with answers:

SIX (6) QUESTIONS.

Ques.—How much have America interfered in Irish question?

Togo.—Too much.

Ques.—Would English Parliment interfere with niggero question in U. S.?

Togo.—If England contained 22,000,000 Africans, escaped from Tuskegee landlaws in 1848, Friends of Niggero Freedom would make considerable speeches about U. S. Bootware can be bet on that.

Ques.—When is the best time to settle the Irish question?

Togo.—Fifty (50) years ago.

Ques.—What are Hon. Lloyd Geo.'s greatest mistake in Ireland?

Togo.—Lloyd Geo.

Ques.—What are Ireland's latest contributions to criminal element in U. S.?

Togo.—Hon. Ponzi of Boston, Hon. Brindell of N. Y., and Hon. Debs of Atlanta.

Ques.—What Court could settle Irish Question?

Togo.—Divorce Court, maybe. But would it?

Hon. Ichi Obi set rubbing head-bones, then he say for sorrow:

"Togo, your argument sounds very circular. Geometry teaches us that there is no Question without Some Answer. This world are full of Best Minds—are not so? Then who could we get to make Ireland free without damage to England or U. S.? Every country cantain great thinkers. In France they got Gen. Foch. In Italy Hon. d' Annunzio. In America Henry Ford. Which gentleman shall we select to umpire that fight?"

"We must go to Germany," I sorrow. "In that unpopular land there reside a scientist gentleman who can prove that two (2) objecks can go into same space, that straight lines are curved, that only way to bring things together is to pull them apart. I offer him the nomination."

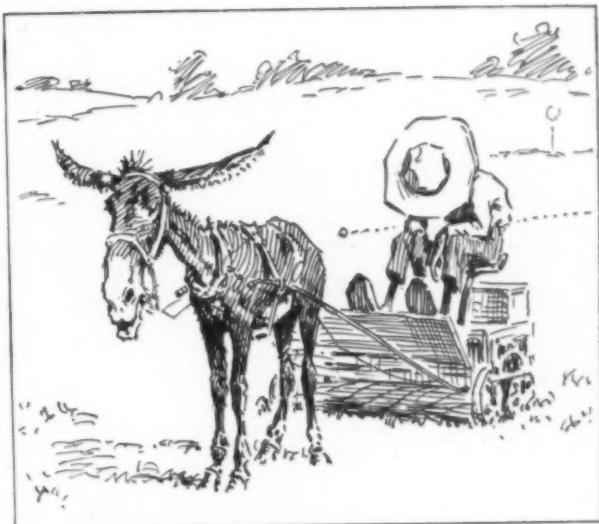
"What are the name, if any, of this grandy genius?" decry Obi passionately.

"Einstein," I corrode.

I go away, and last I see of Obi he was looking for his lost intelligence.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA Togo.



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

What a Pulled Ball Can Do



*Mrs. Argile: DO YOU MAKE SALADS, HOBBS?
Butler: I CREATES 'EM AND ORDERS 'EM MADE, MUM.*

Merely Players

ONCE upon a time a Play was written, for which the Playwright, an Author of considerable ability and widespread fame, designed the Scenery, composed the Music and cast the Parts.

In due time this Play was produced, and would have been a great success had not many of the Actors, with a little more than the usual vanity and temperament of their tribe, halted in the midst of the performance to rewrite their respective rôles. Some thought their parts too small, and doubled the length of their speeches. Some thought their parts unsympathetic, and assumed characters entirely different to what the Author intended. Actor quarreled with Actor as to who should play the leads; words led to blows; blows, sometimes to death. Drama degenerated into Melodrama, and Fantasy into Farce.

Now, one of the Players, who had helped make over the piece, seeing how poorly the performance proceeded, jumped from the stage into a proscenium box, and

lounging back in a chair, assumed the rôle of Critic.

"What terrible twaddle!" he yawned. "What is the meaning of it? What is the name of it? Who can be the Author of this awful stuff?" Then he turned to his program to find out.

LIFE (*it said*),
A Drama,
By THE AUTHOR OF CREATION—
Revised and Adapted
By HIS CREATURES
Cyril B. Egan.

The Right Amount

"HOW much life insurance do you think a man ought to carry?"

"Enough to keep his family from want, but not so much as to make them utterly impervious to grief."

A CLEVER author is one who never asks what they are saying when he is told that everybody is talking about his latest book.

It's Usually That Way

I USED to think, ere yet I'd wed
Priscilla, who is now my wife,
That if she took Joe Binks instead
Mine surely'd be a ruined life.

I used to think, when Pris poured tea,
That no more dainty, lovesome sight
In all the world could ever be—
Nor was I single in my plight.

That none but Pris should soothe my
brow
As I grew old, I often told her.
In fact, I think the same way now.*

* She's reading this across my shoulder.

Baron Ireland.

The Doughboy Last!

CARING for the politicians and post-masters seems more popular than caring for the doughboys, who did not fight to make America prosperous for everyone but themselves.



Drawn by J. R. SHAVER.

A Sunny Spot



By Ivan Mariner.

PART I.

AMONG the many secret covenants secretly arrived at during the famous conference at Versailles, about which nothing has transpired even in the audacious pages of Keynes, or Dillon, or Baruch, is one, the importance and significance of which even the international experts of the *New Republic* and *Vanity Fair* will hardly underestimate. I refer, of course, to the discussion and decision that resulted in the creation of the puissant new state, Vulgaria.

In these days of indiscretion when the amorous Mrs. Asquith nonchalantly tosses her Miss—(and Mrs.)—adventures into the capacious lap of Madame Grundy, when the debonnaire Colonel Reppington shows by heavily pencilled diagrams on Ritz tablecloths how he won the war, and when even the shrinking Mr. Drinkwater playfully informs us that he has finished his dramatization of the Dictionary of National Biography, I have but little hesitancy in giving to the world the information—passed to me in strictest confidence, I admit; but what is there of interest about a secret unless one tells it?—which carries so much that is fraught with consolation and hope for a distracted civilization.

The Vulgarians have always been a self-determined people, and heretofore one of mankind's major problems has been how to keep them within bounds. The decision of the Allied Conference has at last provided a solution, and piecing together the meager details furnished by my guileless informant, enables anyone with imagination to prefigure the significance of the whole momentous affair. After much wrangling among the territorial experts, it was finally decided that the rich and fer-

tile province of Profiteeria should form the keystone, as it were, of the new nation. The inhabitants of this country, from the dawn of history, have been a hardy—one might say a hardened—people, and will so continue till its sunset. In them the true spirit of the Vulgars has burned with incessant heat through the centuries; a heat, be it said, that has always consumed the consumer. Their aspirations have been kept alive down the ages by a long line of Profits (I use the simplified spelling so dear to the Vulgarians), until to-day they see the blossom of their hopes turn to the fruit of their accomplishment. The fortunes of the new state lie in their hands, where undoubtedly they will yield seven or eight hundred per cent.

Once the Conference acknowledged the suzerainty of the Vulgarians over Profiteeria, it was a simple matter to convince its members of the justness of the claim put forward for the inclusion in the new political entity of the adjoining provinces. It was frankly conceded by the various ethnological and philological commissions attached to the Conference, that from time immemorial ties of consanguinity, contiguity, and language had bound these neighbor peoples to the Profiteers; and the passionate plea of —— (grave reasons of international import prevent my giving the name of the illustrious advocate) for a Pan-Vulgaria swept aside all minor objections, and brought to consummation the Vulgar dream of unity.

(To be continued.)

Horticultural Note

SAY it with flowers, but don't throw bouquets at yourself.

The Essential

THOUGH everyone admits A Sense of Humor's rare, There's none so dull of wits Who will not claim a share; Remarking, with an air, "I smile at woe or gloom, or The specter of despair, I have a *Sense of Humor*."

The man who blithely sits At vaudeville places, where He laughs at ancient skits That Noah could not bear, Would fight if you should dare To say his wit's a bloomer, He'd angrily declare, "I have a *Sense of Humor*!"

You may give people fits For what they eat and wear, And rip their ways to bits, And they won't seem to care; But, ah, they'll pull your hair If you should once assume or Imply they lie who swear, "I have a *Sense of Humor*."

Envoy

Prince, it is only fair I verify the rumor That I, for one, am *there*; I have a *Sense of Humor*!

Berton Braley.

Another Ideal Shattered

The cow is the crudest machine in the world.—Henry Ford.

IT has long been suspected that there was something the matter with the cow. Her system of circulation is a complex and tedious affair and she moves along on low gear continuously. She is not equipped with a self-starter and her chassis leaves much to be desired. She carries no vaporizer, this process having to be completed outside of her. Her steering apparatus is always out of order and she is continually lying down on the owner.

But then, what can anybody expect? The cow wasn't evolved in Detroit. She is only a product of nature.

NEW YORK LADY (entertaining friend from the interior at luncheon at the Spitz-Tarleton): What dish can you recommend, waiter?

WAITER: The chicken halibut is very special, madam.

THE FRIEND: I don't care much for poultry.



Unfamiliar Anniversaries—No. 1.

By TENGREN

The Invention of the Wheelbarrow.

IT was exactly four hundred and thirty-nine years ago (this date) that Leonardo da Vinci completed the invention of the wheelbarrow.

He is here seen inspecting the finished work, and one may deduce from his dejected attitude that he is far from satisfied with the practical but homely result of his effort. Possibly he is wondering what he is going to do with it; or, again, possibly he is imagining the vastness of the odium which will be cast upon him by vindictive persons who will fall over future wheelbarrows in future woodsheds in the future dark.

A distinctly human touch is lent to the ensemble by the

presence, in the background, of the model who is resting her features after the arduous task of posing for the "Mona Lisa."

If you are under the impression that her duties were not arduous, just try to hold that enigmatic smile yourself for two hours, and see how you like it.

That this model took little (or no) interest in the great master's novel mechanical achievement is attested by the somewhat blank expression on her countenance; but doubtless she would have displayed the same amount of exasperating indifference had he just invented the fireless cooker, the mustache cup, or the one-man top. Moreover, knowing what she did about Leonardo's home life, one can scarcely blame her.

Horrible, Quite Horrible!

UNDER the glow of the library lamp, Mr. Dibble read his favorite comic weekly. On the floor beside him, his little son, Horatio, played with his blocks.

"Papa," said little Horatio, without warning.

"Yes, my boy," said his parent.

"What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"What would I do if I had a million dollars?" asked Mr. Dibble. "I'd pay my income tax." And he chuckled. That one was almost good enough to print. As he turned his beaming attention upon his son he noticed a condition that had been making itself apparent for some time.

"Why do you build all your houses so that they fall down, Horatio?" he asked.

"Because, papa," answered Horatio, "I'm playing that I'm a contractor."

This was uncanny. Of course, it might be pure coincidence, but Horatio had been showing a tendency lately—

"Papa," continued the offspring, "it hasn't rained for two weeks now."

"It hasn't, Horatio. I agree with you."

"O-oo, papa, do you suppose God's on a strike?"

Papa shuddered, but his irrepressible Horatio went blithely on.

"Papa, did our hen lay Mr. Jones? I heard you tell mamma he was a hard-boiled egg. Papa, owing to the increased cost of everything, I'll have to raise my price of being good to seven cents. S'cuse me for interruptin' you, papa, but I just set the bedroom curtain on fire. Papa—"

Mr. Dibble was seized with a terrible thought. He *had* been fond of comic magazines—he still was. So was his wife. Half-formed thoughts swarmed his mind. Freud—comic complex—heredity—Was it possible that little Horatio? . . . Horrible! With suspended breath he waited for the next utterance of his offspring.

"Papa," asked little Horatio, "what is an optimist?"

It was true! He had feared the worst. And it was the worst. Mr. Dibble's first-born was a perfect living example of the comic-magazine child.

Mr. Dibble swooned.

H. W. H.

Street Cries

TRAFFIC COP: Hey, you! Didn't you hear me yelling for you to stop?

AUTO FIEND: Oh, was that you yelling? I thought that was just somebody I'd run over!

Three Things (After the Persian.)

THREE things I cannot stand:
A self-important fool;
A wise man bound by rule;
A woman in command!

Harry Kemp.

To Be Viewed With Alarm

IT is evident that a great crisis confronts us. Lynching is declining. If the decline continues at the present rate of decrease, in the course of a few more years there will be no more lynchings and then how can London newspapermen write any more editorials about America?

In 1919 there were 83 lynchings in this country and in 1920 only 61. Well may every patriot ask—What are we going to do about it? With 21 lynchings less every year, by 1925 we shall be utterly lynchless.

We may be able to get along without rum, tobacco, comic operas, *vers libre* and democrats, but life in America without lynchings—Heaven save the mark!

WAR is evidently a losing game when it takes a country forty-two years to pay for what she destroyed in a little more than four.



Dancing Girl: SAY! MR. JONAH, YOUR STORY ABOUT THE WHALE MADE AN AWFUL HIT WITH ME. I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD GET YOU TO BE MY PRESS AGENT.

March 31



Drawn by C. F. PETERS.

She (to Pierrot): I AM AWFULLY GLAD YOU ARE TAKING ME DOWN TO SUPPER.

Delighted Pierrot: WHY, ER—YES—REALLY—

She: YES, YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN HERE TO-NIGHT THAT MY HUSBAND WON'T BE JEALOUS OF.



Tragedian: YES, I PLAYED OTHELLO LAST SEASON. GOT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK.
Comedian: WHAT DID YOU DO THE OTHER FIFTY-ONE WEEKS?

No Cause for Complaint

A STRANDED but still haughty actor who was obliged to put up at a dilapidated country hotel, remarked, as he glanced frowningly about the office, reluctantly signed the register, and took the brass key from the proprietor, "Is there any water in my room?"

"There was," replied the proprietor, "but I had the roof repaired."

Practical

"I DON'T want any rubbish—no fine sentimentality—if you please," said the widow, who was asked what kind of an epitaph she desired for her late husband. "Let it be short and simple, something like this:

"William Johnston, aged seventy-five years: the good die young."

The Language of the Spirits

WHERE do all the new words come from? Who makes them? How are they made? Where is the verb-factory? Who is the scientist in charge of the noun-laboratory? Are these run on the eight-hour system, and do the word-makers get time-and-a-half for overtime? Are there slack seasons? Does the seasonable demand sometimes overwhelm them so that they can't even fill their rush orders?

These are imperative questions, and we pause for a reply. In the meanwhile we note that the production of linguistic novelties has been greatly stimulated by the Volstead act. The passage of that law has created a demand for a heterogeneity of new words, and the manufacturers have met this inquiry with an enlarged output of strange locutions, some of them as fantastic as the fashions of the female of the species. *Booze*, an unlovely vocable but not inexpressive, is an old friend; but *hooch*—how came that monosyllable into being? Had it a father or was it born by spontaneous generation? *Moonshine* whisky was known not long ago only to the Appalachian mountaineers; and now this adjective is used from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. The same good fortune has befallen other localisms, *blind pig* and *speak easy* and *bootlegger*. Only in a section where men still wear high boots could *bootlegger* have created itself. And *rumhound*—there's another vigorous term; who is responsible for that? On the other hand, the origin of *home-brew* is obvious enough.

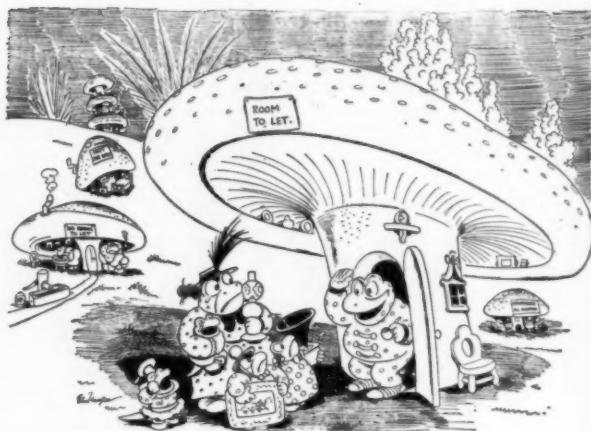
What is really comic is that our kin across the sea, having repelled the ministrations of Mr. P. Johnson, have jumped to the conclusion that *pussyfoot* is equivalent to Prohibitionist. So it is that in the British Isles every advocate of the abolition of the liquor traffic is called a *pussyfooter*, no matter how bold and blatant he may be. It is always a sad and sorry spectacle when the British monkey with the American language. They mean well, but they never realize that it is loaded—and loaded for bear. As a result, accidents are always happening. Still, they mean well; and in time they may learn that the American language is not a toy for the innocent to play with.

B. M.

Actuality

"YES, sir! I've always said there was one thing I wouldn't have—a skeleton in my closet."

"Where do you keep him—on the front piazza?"



THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN TOADLAND!

Landlord: NO CHILDREN TAKEN IN THIS APARTMENT. NUTHIN' DOIN', MA'AM!

Senator Sounder, Tax Reformer

Why Not Surrender All Incomes? He Asks

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, March 26.—Having lately filed an income-tax return, I am in a position to state with authority that this country needs a thorough revision of its tax laws. My experience was probably no worse than that of many others, though this is the first day since March 15 that the doctor has let me sit up; the final breakdown came, I may say, when I discovered that I had inadvertently handed in the work sheet, instead of the regular return, and that, flustered by an altercation with Mrs. Sounder as to who was the head of the family, I had failed to take advantage of that exemption at all.

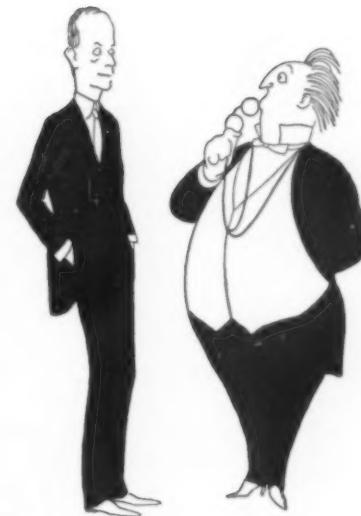
I am, I have always maintained in the face of considerable opposition, a man of more than ordinary intelligence; yet if the process of making out an income tax return sends me to bed for two weeks, what must the effect be on those less well equipped to grapple with the problem? If you were to chart the number of insanity cases for any given year, they would, I am sure, show a steadily mounting line that reaches its peak on March 15, with recurring peaks as the installments fall due.

Plainly, then, the income tax, as at present constituted, must go. So too must the excess profit tax, for two reasons. First, it has never worked; and second, what with the business depression and everything, there aren't any more excess

profits to tax. Likewise, I feel that the tax on certain kinds of soaps, toothpastes, and other articles of cleanliness, should be removed. I realize that this item works a hardship on only a part of the people; yet if allowed to stand the next logical step would be to put a tax on godliness, which might meet with serious opposition.

However, if we take away those sources of revenue, we must find others to make up the \$4,000,000,000 that our government needs in order just to worry through the year. It's a fairly tidy sum, first and last. The last time that I was in the House I discussed the matter with Floor Leader Mondell, but owing to the fact that Mr. Blanton, of Texas, was at that moment in debate with the rest of the House, my conference was not an entire success. It was like trying to discuss the Einstein theory in the subway during rush hours.

My discussion with Senator Owen, who knows a good deal about financial matters, was also disappointing; for although I could hear everything he said I could not understand a word of it. However, it is scarcely necessary for me to understand the principles of taxation, for I am approaching the subject from the broad and human standpoint. The details I will leave to others. If they say that a sales tax is the thing to replace the present excess profit tax, by all means let us have it. And if they feel that in the income tax a



I DON'T SEE HOW THAT WOULD MAKE ME TAX EXEMPT AS SENATOR M'CORMICK SAYS.

distinction should be made between the incomes from mental and manual labor, I am willing to agree to that; though I am puzzled to know how that provision would make me tax exempt as Senator Medill McCormick says it would.

Though I am willing to leave the details to others, on the really vital principles contained in the Sounder Tax Revision Bill, I shall stand firm with all the weight of my 275 pounds. I propose to retain the income tax, as the only means of getting more out of the rich than the poor, but I shall safeguard our national health by reducing the 171 schedules and items to the one simple query: What's your income?

But the greatest value in my taxation bill is that it promotes Americanism. There is nothing so destructive to love of your country as being compelled to pay it a tax, and you will generally find that your friendly feeling toward your government is in inverse ratio to the amount of tax that you pay. I wager that if you sneaked up behind any respectable citizen engaged in making out his tax return and whispered, "Long live the Soviet Republic," he would throw his arms around your neck and call you brother.

This regrettable but understandable feeling I propose to change by the simple expedient of reversing the present procedure. Under the terms of my bill, the government will keep the income, and the taxpayer will keep the tax. This will not noticeably change the present ratio between your income and your tax; on the other hand it will make loyal, contented citizens of many who now are merely taxpayers.

Senator Sounder.



MR. BLANTON, OF TEXAS, WAS IN DEBATE WITH THE REST OF THE HOUSE.

What Is Life?

By Don Marquis

LIFE (*says the Scientist*) is the product of certain chemical reactions.

*

Life (*says the Infant*) is kisses and castor oil.

*

Life (*says the Undertaker*) is an annoying obstacle in the way of logical business expansion.

*

Life (*says the Egg*) is something I will pass on to a chicken, if Fate does not pluck me from the nest and poach me first.

*

Life (*says the Mystic*) is something I trust Death to lead me to.

*

Life (*says the Wastrel*) is one prolonged horror of pleasures.

*

Life (*says the Slum*) is Hunger.

*

Life (*says the Moth*) is what I shall feel in a moment in yonder flame.

*

Life (*says Ecclesiastes*) is a Vanity Box with nothing inside but a cracked mirror.

*

Life (*says the Fatalist*) is something that I can't help and can't keep.

*

Life (*says the Human Needle*) is such an easy Haystack to get lost in!

*

Life (*says the Athiest*) might be called one of the greatest mistakes of God, if there were a God.

*

Life (*says Lothario*) is dodging between a shotgun and a marriage license.

*

Life (*says the Lounge Lizard*) is just one lovely Parlor Snake after another.

*

Life (*says David Wark Griffith*) is a

magnificent, a stupendous, a miraculous affair. It produced David Wark Griffith.

*

Life (*says the Suburbanite*) is the 7:12 in the morning . . . and the 6:17 at night . . . and the 7:12 in the morning . . . and the 6:17 at night . . . and . . .

Life (*says the Lifer*) is an Inside Job.

*

Life (*says the Insurance Agent*) may give you time to get your name on the dotted line here, if you hurry.

*

Life (*says the Artist*) has given me the notion for some of my best effects.

*

Life (*says the Freudian*) is a sink full of sin and symbols.

*

Life (*says the Adolescent*) is new neckties and longing and shyness and impudence and passion and flippancy and flivvers and poetry and a dumb devil and petting parties and adoration and egotism and self-distrust and idealism and worship and ribaldry and indolence and ambition and the calling-down I got from the Boss this morning.

*

Life (*says Charon*) comes my way.

*

Life (*says the Pagan*) is its own excuse.

*

Life (*says the Old Man*) is an error that I should love to repeat.

*

Life (*says the Coward*) is something I lose a hundred times a day, because I fear so much to lose it.

*

Life (*says the Hero*) is the foam we blow off our beer in Valhalla.

*

Life (*says the Newsdealer*) is the cleverest periodical we sell.

A Lesson to Him

RAFFERTY bored ten feet into a mining claim and then abandoned it. Another took it up and at eleven feet struck gold. When Rafferty heard the news he exclaimed, "I'll never leave another claim until I've gone a foot further!"



TO PREVENT ENNUI

If Sundays are made Prussian Blue
And we've nothing whatever to do,
We'll search out the cause
Of the Indigo Laws
And festoon a lamp-post or two!

Life (*says the Bride*) is the recollection of yesterday's Honeymoon still gilding to-day's Kitchenette—tra! la! la!

*

Life (*says Methuselah*) is all very well as far as it goes, but just as soon as one begins to learn how to live, why . . . !

*

Life (*says the Mother*) is something I have given, which the world will take.



Drawn by ROLLIN KIRBY.

Working for the Richest Man in the Block and for the Richest Government in the World..



MARCH 31, 1921

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more local interest—than a couple of divorce suits that are running in the papers. One of them concerns an elderly man, very well to do, very well known, who has had a good deal of matrimonial experience and whose adventures in that field are somewhat humorously recorded. We forget how much he has been married, but he is an old hand and used to disappointments in marital adventures, so that his reappearance in court is hardly tragic. But to the other, divorce, we believe, is a novelty, and the husband is so rich, and has inherited, besides money, fiscal and social connections of such imposing respectability, that a good many people have caught their breaths at the charges and disclosures that have attended his suit.

It is hard in this country to buy a wife. One can get possession of an attractive-looking woman if he has the means, but that is not a very long step towards a successful marriage. The price of successful marriage is very high. Both parties have to give pretty much all they have. It is a case of a life for a life. The bargain cannot be cheapened and the price cannot be paid in cash or in securities. The payment has to be personal and it stops only with death. It is a day by day matter. You give all you can and you get all your associate can give. It takes character, fidelity and mutual affection to make a really successful marriage. Money has not much to do with it, except that people who marry had better have something definite to get married on, but if it is enough it is just as good as more, and on the whole the chances of successful marriage seem to be rather better with the poor than with the rich. A rich man can keep up

several establishments with a different lady in each one with less visible effort, and possibly less scandal, than a poor man can. The poor are in danger of the lapse of affection that sometimes comes from hardship and want. The rich are in danger from the distraction of mind and the dissipation of energies that sometimes comes from affluence and extreme social activity. People who give themselves unduly to pleasure are liable to miss some great rewards that come from attention to duty.

These divorce cases are more or less useful as examples of how married people ought not to behave. The example of how they should behave might be more useful, but the people who could afford it—a great many in all classes of life—are folks who do not advertise. We see them, we know about them, we know what they contribute to life and society, but we do not read much about them in the newspapers.



AND on the whole is it not a considerable distinction not to be in the newspapers? There is a disposition, quite a strong one, to think of advertisement as the chief aim of life, and to consider that to have your picture in the paper is a distinguished achievement. That must be partly because advertisement has a marketable value, and it is something that newspapers and other vendors of printed matter can sell and do sell. In fact they live on it, and it is undoubtedly valuable. It helps people to sell goods. If you want to raise money for something, it helps you about that. If you have an idea to put across to a great many people, it helps you about that. It is really a tremendous force, and it is hard to say whether our high-powered world would speed along anything like as fast as it does without it.

But it is one thing to look upon personal advertisement and your picture in the papers as a price that must be paid for the accomplishment of certain things or the acquisition of money, and quite another thing to think of it as something good in itself. Music is one thing; noise is another. Distinction is one thing; notoriety is another. It is only an advantage to be known, if one can be known to be good, and then it is less an advantage to the person so identified, than it is to the community at large.

But very few people can be known to be good enough to make it pay them to be advertised. Most of the advertising about people is very faulty in the information that it gives to others. It tells stories about them that are inaccurate, or not true at all. It misquotes them. If their pictures get into the paper they are apt to be bad ones. What is said about them, if it is said by a friend, is apt to be too indulgent, and if it is said by anyone else it is likely not to be indulgent enough.

The thoroughly advertised person is invited to subscribe to everything, to go to all the public meetings, to make deposits in all the new banks, to buy stock of all the enterprising brokers. He gets far too much in his mail and cannot meet expectations in the matter of subscriptions. If he has renown enough to invite interviewers he does not know what to say, and if he does and says it, it is quite likely the paper will not get it right. It is better to be less known than to be known inaccurately, but if a man, or may be a woman, does get into the papers, behold with whom he shares his space—with the people who are getting a divorce, with the negro who murdered the choir singer, with the leading malefactors of two or three continents, with statesmen who probably are not doing a good job and ought not to be spoken of, with distinguished people that are sicker

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"AN' THE GOBBLEUNS' 'LL GET YOU
EF YOU
DON'T
WATCH OUT!"

than usual; with the columnists, the contributors of letters to the papers and all the politicians and some of the promoters; with a very mixed company—awfully mixed!



AND all that recalls that Colonel George Harvey is not going to London yet, and has not at this writing even been appointed, and the reason why it recalls that, is that the ambassadorship to England is one of the great advertisement jobs in the United States. People think of it as a place of great distinction and in all respects an enviable preferment, and so it is; and for an able man who can work hard and likes to see people, and likes to get tired every day and sleep it off over night, and does not mind being bored, it is a splendid place. But it is not a place for a lazy man, nor for a stupid man, nor for a man who gets tired easily. It is the kind of a job for a man to take from a sense

of duty, and to discharge on occasion with all his might; to hang on to, if circumstance demand, as Walter Page did, until it breaks his heart; but it is a mistake to think of it as a pleasure except for a man who shares the sentiments of Rollo when he said: "My play is work."



A NUMBER of the officers of the late administration have been recognized by their successors since they laid aside their cares as worthy and capable people. Mr. Denby has actually complimented Mr. Daniels on his labors for the Navy, and Mr. Weeks has managed to retain a hold on Mr. Baker by appointing him a colonel in the reserve corps. The acrimony of the campaign which delighted to represent all the departments in incompetent hands and miserably run, seems not at all to have lasted over into the new administration.

Mr. Harding is an exceptionally polite President and his cabinet have brought their manners with them. Indeed, Mr. Harding is more than polite—more even than good natured. He seems to be an affectionate man with a real talent for harmony. Perhaps it is true, as was said of him in the campaign, that he has something of the nature of McKinley, and possibly that kind of a nature will be useful to him and to the country and to the world at this particular time, when what is needed, of all things, is a solvent of hatreds. Mr. Harding seems to be long of benevolence and very short of animosity. How much light he has is not yet clear, but he does seem to have his share of sweetness.

And that is very valuable. Roosevelt had a great deal of it. He charmed people with his affectionate disposition. They wanted to help him. They also wanted him to help them, but if he would not, they took it kindlier from him than they would have taken it from someone else.

E. S. Martin.

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People We Can

THE DESTROY

XUM



We Can Get Along Without

THE DESTROYER OF DREAMS



A Double-Header

THE Apollo and the Times Square Theatres, with their adjoining lobbies, are so close together that when you go out in front of one between the acts, you are quite likely to saunter back into the other. In fact, your correspondent did.

It so happened that "Love Birds" opened at the Apollo on the same night that "The Right Girl" opened at the Times Square. "Love Birds" was chosen as the lucky production to be reviewed first in this department because the name of the theatre begins with "A."

So much time was spent in front of the two houses before the performance watching theatre-parties lose themselves that the opening-chorus was missed. A great deal of enjoyment may be had simply by standing on the sidewalk and watching the sudden disintegration of theatre-parties. An automobile draws up at the curb and the two men who have been sitting all cramped up on the little seats pop out at the opening of the door. They each extract a lady and start for the entrance. One couple goes into the Apollo; the other into the Times Square. In the meantime, Father and Mother have been tumbling out of the limousine, and while Father is telling Potter what time to come back for them, Mother is scurrying after Spencer and Evelyn into the Apollo. Father then unerringly picks the Times Square.

There is a brief period while tickets are being presented at the door. Then the ones who chose the wrong entrance appear, looking very sheepish after a bitter argument with the doorman. Great anger is expressed at the rest of the party for not waiting for them. Sometimes they call the whole thing off and go home.

And then another automobile draws up to the curb.



BUT one can't stand out on the sidewalk during the entire performance, even if one is a critic. And the first act of "Love Birds" was on.

The first act of "Love Birds" is just about what you would expect the first act of a musical comedy named "Love Birds" to be. It always has been. There is a song in which the hero complains that girls aren't like they used to be when Grandma was a girl, during the second chorus of which a young lady comes on dressed as—what do you think? Grandma! Yes, sir, that's what she comes on dressed as, crinoline, parasol and all. It is a riot. On this particular night, the parasol refused to open at the crucial point in the song, a feature which lent just the right touch of novelty to the thing.

There is also a charming scene in which a large lady in red becomes intoxicated.

The stars of the performance are Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, of vaudeville fame, and if you like Pat Rooney and

Marion Bent there is no reason why you shouldn't enjoy them here. Otherwise the chief pleasure of the performance will be derived from looking at and listening to Miss Elizabeth Hines and in experiencing some songs sung by Elizabeth Murray.



SOMETHING better may have come in the second act, but

it was during the intermission that the big transfer scene was staged. By a peculiar coincidence (it seems now as if there must almost have been some mysterious force at work in the affair) the audience from "The Right Girl" were standing in excited groups in front of the Times Square Theatre, just as the inmates of the Apollo came out to get a breath of sea air right off the Forty-second St. meadows. One thing led to another and your correspondent ambled a little too far to the left, with the result that when the door-man to the Times Square cried "Curtain!" we dashed impetuously in there.

It was decided that it would be better to stand up back during this act, near an exit, in case the drunken lady took it into her head to come on again. This did away with whatever scene there might have been had we attempted to occupy by force seat M-2.

Aside from the fact that there wasn't so much of Rooney and Bent, there was really no way of telling that this was not the second act of the same show we had started out with. It might have been the second act of any musical show. They sang a song about an oriental serenade, and one in which Love was graphically shown as a steam-engine, with the chorus-men taking hold of hands and giving a lovely imitation of a piston-rod. You could half shut your eyes and almost kid yourself into believing that it was a real engine right there on the stage. You could entirely shut your eyes and almost kid yourself into believing that all men were created free and equal.

It seemed rather odd that Rooney and Bent didn't come on, and once in a while there was something that sounded just a trifle out of keeping with the plot of "Love Birds" as it had been unfolded in the first act. But, on the whole, the thing hung together as well as most musical shows, and what few suspicious moments there were could easily be laid to first-night nervousness.

So it really doesn't make much difference whether you see "Love Birds" and "The Right Girl" on the same night or on separate nights—or at all.



IN "The Hero," the latest of the special matinee group, Gilbert Emery has taken an unconventional idea and so smeared it up with conventional grease-paint and hung it with false whiskers that it looks like just another one of those "Land Sakes, Marthy" plays.

It took courage to write a story of a lad who was a hero in the war and a rotter at home, and to put forward the thesis that physical bravery has but little to do with manhood. To show a young veteran, wearing a Croix de Guerre, as a sneak, a loafer and a cad, in unfavorable comparison with his married and colorless brother (splendidly played by Grant Mitchell), who stayed at home and sold insurance, but who turned out to be the real man of the two, all this indicates that the author

started out with a new idea and a particularly unpopular one. But what the idea lacked in popularity has been made up for by the popular mechanics of the play itself, with the result that even the unconventional lines have a highly familiar sound and what might be novel situations thrill the same emotional nerve

centers as are stimulated by the sound of off-stage sleigh-bells in "Way Down East," or the sight of the silk-hatted barrister bringing the news that little "Freckles" is really the daughter of the Earl of Bathwater.

Robert C. Benchley.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Belasco.— "Deburau." Poetic drama of theatrical life in 1840, effectively staged.

Belmont.— "Miss Lulu Bett." Human nature in its most virulent form as the basis for a remarkable story of small-town life.

Bijou.— "Toto." To be reviewed next week.

Booth.— "The Green Goddess." Good old melodrama so highly polished that it looks like new. George Arliss very sinister.

Century.— "In the Night Watch." Liaison service in the French navy, ending badly for both the navy and the liaison. Spectacular sinking.

Empire.— "Mary Rose." An extremely moving fantasy by Barrie for those who never were very practical anyway.

Frazee.— "The Woman of Bronze." Margaret Anglin's playing in an emotional rôle redeeming an otherwise ordinary triangle drama.

Maxine Elliott's.— "Spanish Love." Well, it seems there were two boys in love with the same girl— (sound of castanets and heavy snarling).

Moroso.— "The Bat." A corking crime every seven minutes.

Playhouse.— "Romance." Doris Keane in a continuation of her record-breaking success.

Princess.— "The Emperor Jones." A study of fear powerfully played by Charles Gilpin.

Ritz.— "Mary Stuart." To be reviewed next week.

Comedy and Things Like That

Astor.— "Cornered." Crook melodrama of the old school, with Madge Kennedy fortunately playing two of the rôles.

George M. Cohan.— "The Tavern." The most original play since Aristophanes, being a complete burlesque of itself.

Comedy.— "The Bad Man." Holbrook Blinn as a predatory but polite Mexican who injects a delightful atmosphere into border life.

Cort.— "Peg o' My Heart." Laurette Taylor reviving something which really never has lost consciousness.

Etinge.— "Ladies' Night." The one show visited by reformers who cry out against the decadence of the American stage.

Forty-Eighth St.— "The Broken Wing." A good regulation piece of melodramatic carpentry for those who "go to the theatre to be amused."

Fulton.— "Enter Madame." Light comedy delightfully done, with Gilda Varesi as a temperamental prima-donna.

Gaiety.— "Lightnin'." Only six months more in New York.

Garrick.— "Mr. Pim Passes By." Pleasant English comedy, involving gentle satire and the delightful Laura Hope Crewes.

Sam. H. Harris.— "Welcome Stranger." Race prejudice and business sense made into an interesting, though somewhat heavy-handed, rustic drama.

Henry Miller.— "Wake Up, Jonathan." Mrs. Fiske.

Hudson.— "The Meanest Man in the

World." Commercial conversation, getting away to an amusingly original start, and ending up in an amusingly conventional manner.

Klaw.— "Nice People." The manners of our young and how to cure them.

Little.— "The First Year." Highly amusing cross-section of any average American home.

Longacre.— "The Champion." Grant Mitchell lending a saving gentility to a boisterously loyal American comedy.

Lyceum.— "The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a successful comedy of chorus-girl life.

Nora Bayes.— "Three Live Ghosts." Three war casualties returning unexpectedly and their amusing reception.

Plymouth.— "Little Old New York." Manhattan in 1810 shown charmingly, but not offensively so.

Punch and Judy.— "Rollo's Wild Oat." Hamlet made delicious by Clare Kummer's adaptation and Roland Young's characterization.

Republic.— "Dear Me." The cheeriest play in the pollyannas of the stage.

Thirty-Ninth St.— "The Ghost Between." To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Ambassador.— "The Rose Girl." A nice, new theatre with a red curtain.

Apollo.— "Love Birds." Reviewed in this issue.

Casino.— "It's Up to You." To be reviewed later.

Century Roof.— "The Midnight Rounders." Hardly worth sitting up for.

Globe.— "Tip Top." Fred Stone and a group of excellent music-makers combining to good effect.

Hippodrome.— "Good Times." Everything—especially Joe Jackson.

Knickerbocker.— "Mary." Tuneful music, high-speed dancing and general satisfaction.

Liberty.— "Lady Billy." The energetic Mitzi has a busy evening to the delight of her large following.

New Amsterdam.— "Sally." Taken all in all, Marilyn Miller, Leon Errol, singing, dancing and everything, about the best in its line in town.

Shubert.— "Blue Eyes." Lew Fields and Molly King doing what they can with average material.

Times Square.— "The Right Girl." Reviewed in this issue.

Vanderbilt.— "Irene." Showing that the public does not necessarily demand vulgarity in its favorites.

Winter Garden.— "The Passing Show of 1921." Better than you might expect, especially the ballet.



LEW FIELDS IN "BLUE EYES."



LOCAL GOSSIP

THINGS hev been tolerable quiet this week. Horace Carroll begun his ploughin' but the frost wan't clean outen the ground and he hed a tough time uv it. He kep' at it, follerin' their plough 'till after sundown, an' he gut so hot Horace lows he must uv sweat a gallon at that.

Horace wuz thinkin' some of swappin' his hosses and gittin' a tractor but Young Horace sez he'd look nice hitchin' it up to the buggy to take his gal buggy ridin'. His father sez ef the gal went 'cuz she admired the fascinatin' and romantic qualities uv that old roan mebbe Young Horace better take to eatin' oats.

(To be continued in our next.)

Hymn to Home

(Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobllanisiliogogoch is the name of a small town in Wales.)

THE old home farm in Alabama,

The old home town (Secaucus or Penn Yan)
Have been a theme for song and drama

Since ever bards and dramatists began.
Well, you may love your own Dobbs Ferry,
But I'm, despite a separating ocean,
A Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogery-
chwyrndrobllanisiliogogochan.

Let others sing of Cincinnati

Or chant the praise of East St. Louis, Mo.
I do not think that I am catty,

But to their claims I volunteer a "No!"
For other cities are not very

Attractive, to the prim and settled notions,
Of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogery-
chwyrndrobllanisiliogogochans.

I might have been, like Gilbert's hero,

Italian, German, Jugo-Slav or Russ;
My impulse is, however, zero

About that fact to instigate a fuss.

My loyalty is stationary,

And I remain, with strenuous devotion,
A Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogery-
chwyrndrobllanisiliogogochan.

Baron Ireland.

And Then Some

MAN expects his wife to be
Perpetuator of the Race
Domestic Science Expert
Trained Kindergartner
Social Diplomat
Purchasing Agent
Superintendent of Operating
Accountant
Social Secretary
General Counsel
Manager Lost and Found Department
Advertising Agent
Intelligence Bureau
Family Statistician
Mistress of the Exchequer
Playground Supervisor
Judge of Juvenile Court
Valet
Nurse
Employer of Labor
Artist in the Art of Living
WOMAN is seeking an even larger
sphere.



Mrs. Clancy: THAT'S THE MAN WHAT JUST GAVE A HUNDRED THOUSAND TO THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Mrs. Dugan: BEGORY! HE OWNS OUR TINIMENT AN' HE WON'T SPIND A CINT ON IT.

The Cinema Primer

Verases by Robert E. Sherwood

Drawings by John Held, Jr.



the Bathing Girl

This stric-ty mo-dern-ized Bac-chan-te,
Clad in a Cos-tume gay but scan-ty,
Has learned, no doubt, from Mo-ther Sen-nett,
An old and just-ly fam-ous ten-et
That those who don't know how to Swim
Should hang their Clothes on a Hick'-ry Limb,
And be most Care-ful not to go
An-y-where near the H-2-O.
And so she fro-lics on the Beach
Far from the rip-pling Wave-lets' reach,
And hangs her Clothes on Limbs, does she,
But *not* on Limbs of Hick-o-ry.



the Hero

A stal-wart Fel-low is the He-ro
Who's eight De-grees more cool than Ze-ro.
He boasts no high-toned Airs—but then
He's one of Na-ture's No-ble-men.
He causes Vil-lains deep Cha-grin
Be-cause he tri-umphs over Sin.
Al-though he's might-y fierce when riled,
He's ten-der heart-ed as a Child.
He looks his best when clad in Rags,
And, when the Sit-u-a-tion lags,
He bold-ly dash-es in and saves it;
He risks his Neck (and also shaves it).



Professor Neersite: I'LL "A RARE SPECIMEN COMES ALONG."

"I GOT HIM!"

Golfer: WHAT TH' BLANKETY BLANK—!

THE SILENT DRAMA



East Lynne

HUGO BALLIN has shown that he possesses a real flair for artistic cinematography, but he has also proved that he is not entirely unconscious of the box office by selecting "East Lynne" as the picture with which to make his first big splash in the big puddle. Mr. Ballin has hitherto been known as a progressive and constructive force in motion-picture development, and it is unfortunate that he should have found it necessary to avail himself of the tawdry material furnished by this senile relic of the dramatic dark ages.

"East Lynne" on the screen is slow moving and dull, and relieved only by occasional interludes where Mr. Ballin's artistic sense has managed to assert itself. The action drags fearfully up to the end, when the wayward heroine struggles home to die, and the organist pulls out the tremolo and *vox humana* stops and steps on the accelerator with both feet. Mabel Ballin and Edward Earle attempt to impersonate impossible characters, and the fact that they fail to achieve this end is rather to their credit.

"East Lynne" and "Way Down East" have been removed long since from the theatrical time-tables, and their revival in film form is only a means of reviving unpleasant memories. Westward the course of empire takes its way, and all the David Wark Griffiths and Hugo Ballins in the world can't controvert the force of that famous platitude. The town-hall-to-night melodramas should be relegated to the eternal graveyard, along with the gold brick, the shell game and the notion that Boston (Mass.) is the Hub of the Universe; and those ghoulish producers who seek to dig up that which is better buried are wasting their own talents and imposing on the public.

Stay West, young men—stay West.

Scrambled Wives

"SCRAMBLED WIVES" provides somewhat better entertainment in film form than it did on the stage. Mar-

East Lynne and Points West

guerite Clark and Ralph Bunker have the parts originally occupied by Juliette Day and Roland Young, and their opportunities for broad farce are much greater on the screen than were those afforded by the play. The story is rather slow in getting under way, but the action gains rapidly in speed and dashes along to an effective climax at the end. This is a pleasant contrast to the usual long comedy, which does all its spouting at the start, and then slowly dies on its feet, or rather, on its footage.

Miss Clark is petite and pleasing as ever, but perhaps a trifle more impish than is altogether necessary; and Mr. Bunker, a comparative newcomer, displays great talents as a polite comedian.

Lois Webber Productions

MOTION pictures have undoubtedly tended to kill the old-fashioned stock company; but, in the case of the Lois Webber productions, the stock company idea has been adapted and carried much further than it ever was in the theatre. For she uses not only the same players in each subsequent photoplay, but the same story and the same scenery, so that, after the third or fourth picture, one practically knows the formula by heart.

"What's Worth While?" and "Too Wise Wives"—both recent releases from the Webber factory—are so much alike in conception and execution, that one could take them apart, throw them into a hat, and make an entirely new picture out of the jumbled mass of characters, situations and scenes. Moreover, it would be just as logical as either of the originals.

"What's Worth While?" is the better of the two, but that statement should not be interpreted as an unqualified indorsement of either.

The Nut

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has temporarily (we trust) forsaken the romantic drama to try a few experiments in the realms of utter insanity. These experiments have resulted in "The Nut," and although it is unquestionably amusing—in

an idiotic way—it is an awful drop from "The Mark of Zorro."

Fairbanks has no right to do this sort of thing, which constitutes an actual incursion into Buster Keaton's territory. "The Nut" is undoubtedly a hit, but it is a hit below the belt.

The Gilded Lily

MISS MAE MURRAY is not a very versatile actress, nor a particularly profound one, but she is in a class by herself when it comes to portraying the Broadway butterfly rôle—so dear to the heart of the verbose sub-title writers.

In "The Gilded Lily," Miss Murray has almost unlimited scope for the display of her specialized talents, and the result is a performance more spectacular than anything we have seen for a long time. Starting as a dancer at the "Club Royale," she falls in love with the first man who mentions the word "marriage" to her (he is a New England simp who doesn't know the ways of the great city), and she immediately decides to give up the gay life, seeking forgetfulness in the conventional love nest, down on the farm (Central Park West). The object of her affections, however, raises the natural objections that a gilded lily without gilt must be rated as a total loss, and his indifference drives her back to the sham and shame of Broadway, for which we were truly thankful. For it was only during her period of virtue that Miss Murray failed to be interesting or convincing.

Lowell Sherman is excellent as a case-hardened roué who eventually does the right thing by Our Nell; and the production, under Robert Z. Leonard's direction, is lavish and extravagantly effective.

The No Longer Silent Drama

WORD comes from Stockholm that a Swedish inventor, Sven Bergleuse, has perfected a talking motion picture;

Now that he has accomplished that much, he can set to work and think up a new title for this department.

Robert E. Sherwood.

("Recent Developments" will be found on the tenth page following.)



Drawn by CHARLES FORBELL.

IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE FALSE ALARM OF FIRE



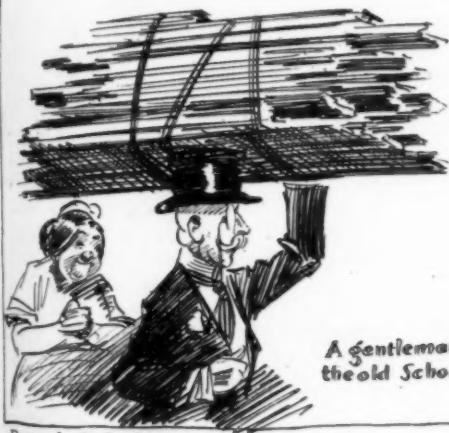
*The Boy who rises at 5 A.M.
to take an icy plunge in order that
his mind will be clear during School Hours.*



*Salesmen giving their honest opinion
to a customer desirous of purchasing a hat.*



P. L. Crosby



*A gentleman of
the old School*

Drawn by P. L. Crosby.

*The man who drew a Royal
Flush on a five card draw.*



*Facial expression
of the man at the
Aquarium when the
"Funny fellow" inquires if Mr. Fish is there.*

Pictures We've Never Seen at the Movies



RUMOR

"BILL WEED TOLE ME TH'T ED WATERS TOLE HIM TH'T YOU TOLE ED YOUR DARNED OLE HOOKER WUZ A BATTLESHIP IN THE CIVIL WAR. WO'T D'YE MEAN BY LYIN' LIKE THAT!"
 "I TELL YE I DIDDEN DO NOTHIN' O' TH' KIND! I TOLE ED'S BROTHER TH'T SHE WUZ BUILT IN EIGHTEEN SIXTY-ONE."

Where the Sea Lion Meets His Fate

"MAMMA," said the young seal, as he thoughtfully rolled over on his back, "I'm getting pretty big. I'm tired of living off and on and around this old rock. It's time I did something definite about my career."

"Why, Adolphus! For shame! You live among the very best seals in California. Every night you see the movies on the end of the pier. You are being constantly admired by tourists. Bathing beauties, . . . cinema stars—"

"Bathing beauties—bah! I'm sick of 'em. I'm sick of San Francisco."

"Why, Adolphus!" said Mamma Seal. "Why, we have the best clima—"

"Mother, if you say anything about the California climate, I'll—I'll bark! Haven't you any imagination? San Francisco isn't the whole world, you know. Neither,"

he added sarcastically, "is Los Angeles."

Mamma Seal sniffed. She was a stanch Californian. "Sh-h!" she said. "Don't let anybody around here hear you say that. This sounds like your uncle. Ever since he became first violin in the Seal Symphony Orchestra at the Pavilion he's been coming out to Sunday dinner and saying wild things. . . . I suppose you want to go on the stage and balance a tennis ball on your nose?"

"It might be fun," sighed the child.

"And see the world from cheap theatres and travel in a cramped, dirty tank and be at the mercy of some uneducated, immoral human. No, my dear, I appreciate your feelings. As a modern mother, I am perfectly willing to discuss your career in a sane, intelligent fashion. But—my Adolphus a performing seal? Ugh!" she shuddered. "I could send you to New York to visit your cousins."

"Huh!" Adolphus expressed fine dis-

dain. "They live in the Bronx—in a tiny, concrete grotto and a two-by-four swimming pool. I don't want to see New York that way."

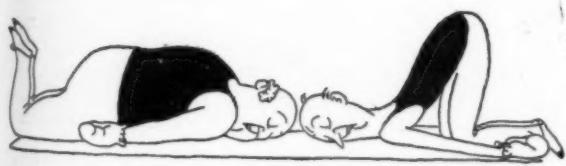
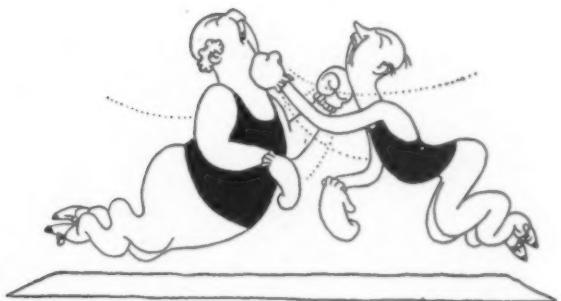
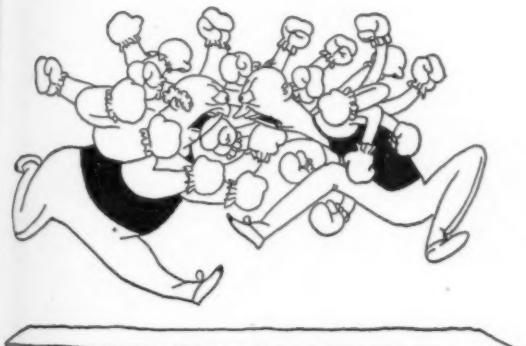
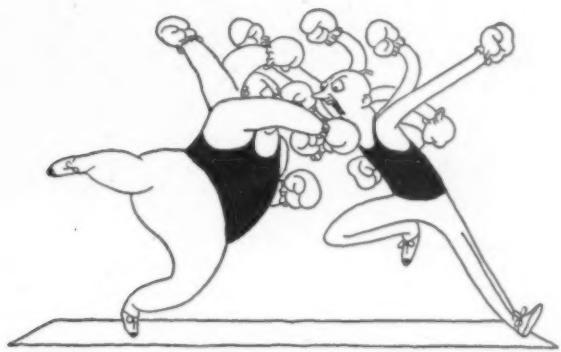
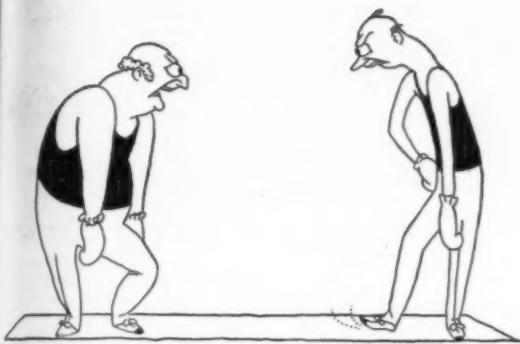
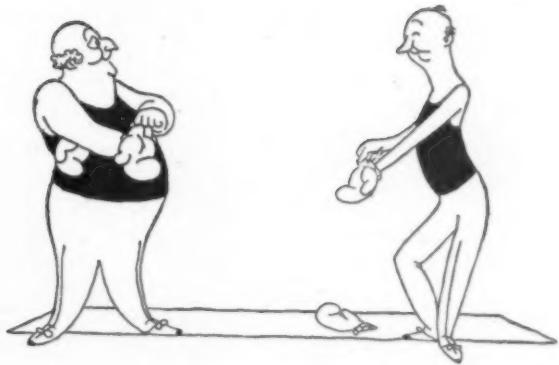
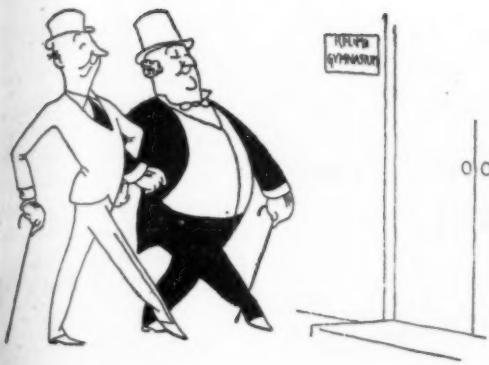
"Well, what do you want?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . something . . ." His eyes grew misty and far-away with the hopes and ambitions that struggled to find expression. "There's not much in the world for a seal to do, is there? I would like to go to New York . . . and Paris . . . and London. . . . Do you know, sometimes I think I'd like to be a beautiful, glossy fur cape, with a beautiful chinchilla collar. . . ."

Mamma Seal gave her wayward child a smart slap with her right front flipper.

"Adolphus, be quiet this instant!" she commanded indignantly. "Glossy fur cape, indeed! I won't have any son of mine hanging around a common profiteer's vulgar daughter!"

Henry William Hanemann.



A FRIENDLY LITTLE SPARRING BOUT

From Their Wives' Diaries

MRS. STUYVESANT: Why did I ever marry Peter? Half man and half tree!

MRS. WALTON: Izaak does nothing but fish all day! He will never make a name for himself!

MRS. PENN: I am sick and tired of hearing William tell how he founded Pennsylvania!

MRS. PEPYS: I don't know what Samuel would say if he knew that I had torn papers out of his diary to use for curl-papers!

MRS. MATHER: Cotton is now presiding at the exercises at the ducking-pond, but I don't believe he knows which is witch!

MRS. COLUMBUS: Christopher got that idea of a broken egg from me! I threw one at him once!

MRS. FRANKLIN: Benjamin is out flying his kite again! I really believe he is in his second childhood!

MRS. FULTON: Robert says he will make a boat go by steam! I believe he will, but it will go to the bottom!

MRS. NEWTON: Isaac saw an apple fall from a tree, and made as much of a fuss as though he had eaten it and got the colic!

MRS. WASHINGTON: If George were satisfied never to tell a lie himself, I wouldn't object, but he expects other people to have the same ideas!



WHY THE ABYSS YAWNED.



THE MAN WHO WENT TO HEAVEN
"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BOYS, I USED TO PLAY BALL MYSELF."

MRS. DE LEON: Ponce is sailing for America to seek the Fountain of Youth, but he has refused to let me accompany him!

MRS. KIDD: The Captain says that when he returns from his present cruise he will have something to put around my neck, but he is such a peculiar person that I don't know if he means a string of pearls or a piece of rope!

Harold Seton.

Subjects for Light Conversation

To Be Used Only in Emergencies
When All Other Topics Are
Exhausted

THE United States Senate.

The latest styles in walking sticks.

The outlook for the pecan crop.

The proper definition of an irreducible minimum.

The greatest American writer

next to Ring W. Lardner.

The kiss that almost cost the dentist his office equipment.

The cause of unrest among natives of Yap.

Yourself.

"**E**VERY time there's a storm I'm just worn out," complained the overshoe.

"Well, I'm used up too," retorted the umbrella.



SMITH'S BRILLIANT RED RUNABOUT ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION
OF FARMER BROWN'S PRIZE BULL.



Smile and the World Smiles With You

Critique

My play's on the knees of the gods, If it's not a success, what's the odds? Thus Quip. Did he really mean it? 'Tis rather, I thought when I'd seen it, On the knees of a number of goddesses Who dance in the briefest of bodices.

—New York Sun.

There's the Bhoy for Yez — Terence: Will you be down to the MacSwiney Club to-night to hear Brother O'Toole speak on Home Rule?

Michael: Sure and I will if I can sneak out the back way without Maggie seein' me. Ain't home rule a wonderful thing?

—Williams Purple Cow.

One Recipe for Success — All a man has to do to make a real success in life is to spend twenty-five or thirty years learning to do some simple thing better than anybody else can do it and then twenty-five or thirty more doing it every day, so as to give people a chance to find out about it. —Ohio State Journal.

Domestic Colloquy — "We can't afford to live in this expensive flat."

"Well, what are we going to do? We can't afford to hire a moving van, either."

—Washington Star.

Trail's End — Speaking of pathetic figures, what is more pitiful than the predicament of that Ithaca man who discovered that he had been corresponding with his own wife through a matrimonial bureau?

—Buffalo Express.



"YOU'RE AS BLACK AS A COAL MAN! NOBODY WOULD CARE TO GO NEAR YOU."
"HUH! I GUESS YOU LET THE COAL MAN KISS YOU, ALL RIGHT."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).



MUNIFICENCE

Her Gallant: COME, MY DARLING, HURRY UP AND PICK ONE OUT. YOU KNOW THE PRICE OF IT MEANS NOTHING TO ME.

—Le Rire (Paris).

Hinc Illae Lacrimae

[The Daily Herald invites sympathy for the German miners, compelled to work seven shifts a week for 60 marks a day, to pay the French indemnity.]

In Northern France the mines to-day

Have been reduced to wrack;

The Hun invaders saw to that

'Ere they were driven back.

Grieve not for France, though tears run down your cheek;

But for the spoiler's seven shifts a week.

In Northern France the villages

In piteous ruin lie;

Such spite the Hun invaders wreaked

When they were forced to fly.

But if you weep, weep that the spoiler's

pay

Is now no more than sixty marks a day.

—London Morning Post.

The Helpmate — An old gentleman was telling his wife how much he thought of her. "Here lately," he said, "I seem to be in everybody's way, except yours."

—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Super-Shopping Pleasures — First Lady: It's quite true that I spend all day at the stores.

Second Lady: It must be your ruination.

"I never buy anything. I am contented to look at the follies the others are committing." —L'Illustration (Paris).

Traduttore, Traditore — Notice posted above an étagé sink in an Italian hotel: "Visitors is requested not to throw coffee or other matter down this basin. Why, else it stuffs the place inconvenient for the other world." —Punch.

Highly Educated — Man of the House: Felicia, in case my creditors come, put the parrot in the hall.

Friend: You have a parrot? What does he say?

"He says, 'Come back next month.'"

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Driven to It — "But you told me you couldn't afford to buy a motor car?"

"Something happened to me that made me desperate," replied the timorous citizen. "A motorist who nearly ran over me shouted, 'I'll get you next time!'"

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Riot Signal — Mother (returning from shopping): Dorothy, what is the meaning of this crowd in front of the house?

Dorothy: It's all sister's fault. We were playing house, and she hung a "Flat-to-let" sign in the front window.

—London Mail.

The Edge of Husbandry — The Yokel (meditatively): I'm going to sell the farm and put the money in the bank. When you've got a farm, the Lord does as he pleases with you, but he can't touch the money. —Kasper (Stockholm).



"THE PUBLIC DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT WANTS. FIRST IT DEMANDS THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST—THEN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT."

—Simplicissimus (Munich).



Scenario for a Write-Up

From an Indiana paper, via the *Boston Transcript*:

Miss Hattie Bray has resigned her position as teacher. Her resignation will take effect Wednesday. Mrs. Parker will serve as substitute. Miss Bray has taught in the Marvin Street School for six years.

Spill hot air on
faithful services.
Loss to school,
popularity,
characteristic traits, etc.
and make other complimentary remarks.

The Stupidity of Intelligence

At Gilbert Chesterton's début this prince of paradoxes was outparadoxed by a young lady in the audience who complained to her escort: "Whatever did you mean, he's intellectual? I didn't expect to understand a thing, and I understand every word of it. You've gone and wasted my whole evening!"—*Christian Register*.

Paying the Penalty

ART CONNOISSEUR: Where did you get this daub?

FRIEND: I picked it up in a studio; said something nice about it out of politeness, and the artist gave it to me.

ART CONNOISSEUR (sadly): Ah, you can't be too careful.—*Royal Magazine (London)*.

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Reinhardt

So What Does She Care?

The modern girl is a lowbrow—*Verdict of the librarians in convention*. The modern girl comes in for a lot of criticism. The librarians find her brow too low, just as certain reformers find her waist too low. Others say her skirt is too high. Despite all this, the modern girl does not repine, for the modern man thinks the modern girl is exactly right.—*New York Herald*.

Room for Two

The Newly-Riches were seated in their handsome drawing-room—Mrs. Newly-Rich at the grand piano, laboriously picking out hymn tunes with one finger. "Hang it all, missus," said Mr. Newly-Rich, impatiently, "if I buy you a piano that size, I expect you to use both fists!"

—*London Morning Post*.

The Unfair Advantage

EDITOR: I'll take your series of articles on "How to Live on a Dollar a Day" and give you seven dollars a week to write 'em.

AUTHOR: Ye gods, sir! I can't live on that.—*New York World*.

Ready-Made Phraseology

BIGGARD: Of course it is possible for a man to acquire ease and plenty.

MASON: Ah, but not in the order named.

—*Answers (London)*.

A rural exchange tells of an old woman being "knocked unconscientious by a chauffeur, who then speeded away." We have our own opinion as to which was the unconscientious party.—*Boston Transcript*.

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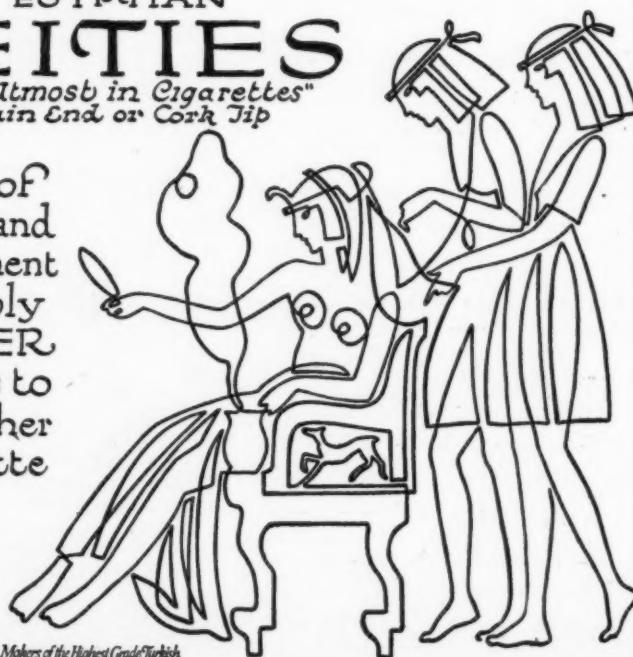
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Safety First

(Discussion between two "work-ladies" in a Tube train.)

"That's a pretty di'mond ring, dearie!"
"Yus, it cost thirty pund. Better put yer money into somethin' pretty to look at, which Lloyd George can't get at ner bailiffs neither. Besides, they treats yer like a lidy when yer takes a reel good ring into the popashop—not as if you was common dirt, pawnin' yer 'usband's trousies for a drop o' drink."—*London Morning Post*.

Gratuitous

PRIZEFIGHTER'S FRIEND (interrupting quarrel): Don't stand his nonsense, Bill. Hit 'im!
PRIZEFIGHTER: Wot! For no purse nor no gate-money! —*London Opinion*.

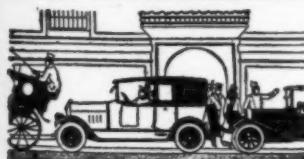
We used to laugh at the boys who ran away from home to kill Indians. Now we pity the girls who start West to become movie heroines.—*Des Moines Register*.

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Discouraging Discovery

SHE: So you've given up the idea of taking singing lessons.

HE: Yes; I found it would take me three years to learn to sing as well as I thought I sang already.—*Boston Transcript*.

Cottages in Spain

HE: By Jove! I'd like to own that cottage!

SHE: Wouldn't it be lovely? All we'd need would be a nice apartment in the city for about eleven months out of the year.

—*Harper's*.

Landfall

IRATE LODGER: Hey, you on the fifth floor, what's the idea of all this row?

REVELLER (just returned): The fifth floor—really, the fifth? Thanks; I had no idea just which floor it was.

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

Illiterate Appreciation

An English novelist took his first look at Broadway afame with light. He read the flashing and leaping signs and said: "How much more wonderful it would be for a man who couldn't read."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama Department will be found on page 468.)

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (*Paramount*).—The crook's regeneration theme, excellently done.

GUIDE OF WOMEN (*Goldwyn*).—Will Rogers revives wistful memories of the days when he used to be a great entertainer.

EXTRAVAGANCE (*Metro*).—May Allison in some propaganda for national thrift week.

CHICKENS (*Paramount*).—Moderately diverting comedy in which Douglas MacLean solves the egg shortage problem by feeding his hens rat poison.

THE SILVER LINING (*Metro*).—An unexpected twist at the end, if you can wait that long.

THE CONCERT (*Goldwyn*).—Dull and excessively wordy adaptation of Herman Bahr's amusing comedy.

THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE (*First National*).—Charles Ray in a country boy picture, made notable by the complete absence of sub-titles.

SHE COULDN'T HELP IT (*Realart*).—Bebe Daniels doesn't quite qualify as a star.

WITHOUT LIMIT (*Metro*).—Interesting drama about churches and gambling houses.

ALL DOLLED UP (*Universal*).—A charming flapper, Gladys Walton, in a trifling but amusing story.

LYING LIPS (*Associated Producers*).—Vast expenditure of time and money on a production which justifies the effort.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT (*Fox*).—Slapstick burlesque, but supremely funny.

O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED (*Paramount*).—Bang! Bang! Bang! — featuring William S. Hart.

THE OFF-SHORE PIRATE (*Metro*).—Amusing complications, involving Viola Dana.

THE KID (*First National*).—Chaplin at his best, and—but what more do you want?

THE DEVIL (*Pathé*).—George Arliss makes it worth while.

OUTSIDE THE LAW (*Universal*).—All the dime novels in the world turned into a sure-fire melodrama for Priscilla Dean.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT (*Paramount*).—The eternal triangle encrusted with jewels.

BLACK BEAUTY (*Vitagraph*).—The famous horse story forms the background for a big picture which should appeal to all members of the family.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (*Associated Producers*).—One of those rare pictures which manages to be pictorially beautiful without being dramatically weak.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS (*Goldwyn*).—Pleasant little comedy in kilts.

PASSION (*First National*).—Historical drama of foreign origin and universal appeal.

KISMET (*Robertson-Cole*).—Otis Skinner in a sumptuous Oriental spectacle.

THE MARK OF ZORRO (*United Artists*).—Melodrama, comedy and Douglas Fairbanks.

OVER THE HILL (*Fox*).—The poorhouse provides an excellent box office attraction.

WAY DOWN EAST (*Griffith*).—Spectacular production of old-stock melodrama.

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